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TERMS OF ADVERTISING

NO PETERING

HENRY CLAPP, Jr.

THE LOVED LEONIE Ah! sweet eyel Christ! Thy image smiles In its Cathedral cell.
Shrined in the heaven-channored arms Of her who never fell.
And if my phantom eyes implore A more benignant beam.
"Its a nêpenthe I would crave for a memorial dream.

Dear Leonie! here dids t thou kneel That musky Summer hoon,
As the zephyrs sang their Angelus
Mid the dimple skies of June,
As the soulight drifted ö'er thy how
A golden wave of grace,
Bright blending with the mira les
Of that angelic face.

Adorably Madonna like

By this communion rail,

Thy raptured face, though rich with youth,
Was spirit-lift and pale,
And O! those opulent dark eyes.

Those Meccas of despair—,
They—they were glorious Eden isles
Lost in a lake of prayer.

Saint Leonie! I saw thee flit Gazelle like to the street, And pure, mebations angels led Thy dainty, tinkling feet; My rebel thoughts were petrel-winged. Attendant men the:

Attendant upon thee, Chasing thy loved and lissom shape As Arabs of the sea. Long did I love thee, belle Creole

As trebirs love the sun,
And in the temple of my soul
Thou wast the cidolon Long did I love thee, belle Creole,
Where corsair billows rise,
And where the silvet planets sour
In unfamiliar skies.

Dark Corcovado! did I not
With heart and soil affaine.
Carve on thy broad, monarchal brow
Her widdly worshipped name.
And watched the homeward ships send by
Refore the nimble breeze,
Till mem'ry with them winged away
Beyond the tropte seas?

Years years had died, and once again
I was within my home—
Then armed with an undying hope
I stood beneath this dome;
But not within the pillard aisle,
Nor by the sacred sign
Could my bewildered eyes behold
The loveliness of thine

The sad November days had come, And eagerly I fled. To find thee where the maidens deck. The kingdom of she dead. I find thee yes, I found thee, love, Beneath the willow tree, With marble cross, and immortelle, And one word—LEONIK!

### A SUMMER STORY.

RV MES E II STODDARD

Agnes Fleming was thirty. Hugh Pennock was twenty. Now and then she found a silvery thread in her smooth bandeaux. His locks were black and silky. Her face was pale, her eyes were weary and wore an inward look. His face was firm and vigorous. his eyes eager and full of humid fire. She was slenfair, and delicate. He was tall, dark, and robust. back, and found something she had never before pos-

lmother, who lived by the sea. His absence | see your breakf opened an insidious chasm in the routine of her life, and that alert devil. Opportunity, suggested that the time had counce for her to visit some maternal relations, whom she had never known, and who lived at a remote thins. Agness ate a little, and Hugh demolished all distance in the country. She did not ask her husband his mother set before him. They made her laugh, and to accompany her, neither did he offer to go. They had been married ten years, and could part with compounce. Fleming was fond of actresses shill clairet.

With a soubrette he was perfectly at home; as the With a soubrette he was perfectly at home; as the gening of Agnes did not run in the same direction, she could not make him feel quite comfortable with her.

Tears had long since ebbed away from her; but now the tide seemed to be flowing again through some for gotten depth, though none welled from her eyes. A There were periods when they attempted the intimacy which their relation seemed to demand, but these at tempts were failures; so the conjugal ship went adrift, and its insubordinate crew suffered, one from irrita"How positive is the taste of this food; how lovely
tion, the other from despair. Though claret is the
these flowers are; their odor is delicious. Thank you. coolest wine in the world, Fleming's hair was thinning.
His grey eye looked arid, and his stomach was too spherical. His manner was imperturbable, and he "Every day." was still handsome in spite of his large jaw. But as a certain red-paneled room, with a young lady, whose shoulders are exceedingly near, and whose opaque "Where is this woman's husband?" he thought: "I black eyes wear a flinty sparkle as she sips a glass of hate him, I believe," and setting his cup down, he

Agnes therefore arrived at Park Farm alone. The angular house of blue stone, was picturesque. Behind it extended a garden, where jouquils, pinks, and damask roses, straggled over the garden paths, and lush-sprass grew round the knees of venerable pear and plum trees. Before it rose a grove of Norway fits, line heart expanded with the feeling, and some of its lone. plum trees. Before it rose a grove of soway his, an heart expanded with the results, and cake. Hugh Pennock, an Erglishman, someness vanished. An affectionate impulse prompted had planted the trees a hundred years' fore Agnes bet to go to Rebecca, and fall on her neck with a kiss.

So every year the pinks and roses straggled more wild-

'at the Mitre in Fleet street,' or 'The Golden Lion in Aldersgate street.' This ancestor was Hugh's first idea. He was perpetually asking questions about his forehead, "I wish I could feel it." history,; and he read the old books before he could Hugh heard her, and folded understand them, but they made an impression never-theless. When Agnes first saw him, he was grave and slow tug at the heart, as if that organ was for the first thought what strong support there must be in his sladvart arm. He thought, how unreal she looked. There was the tremulous elasticity of a flower in her befring, and the touch of her cool frail hand, felt like some the bound of her cool frail hand, felt like some the base of the house to prepare supper, telling them to follow her soon. Hugh drew his mother's chair close to Agnes, and dronned his hat in the hammock; she took it with the fall of a dewdrop.

Agnes passed the first days of her visit in a lethargy.

Research thought her very ill. Agnes did not know ther own ailment.—The truth was, that the strain of the rold life had given way, and nothing new had come.

"Do you like our life?" to take its place. She kept her room. It was on the ground floor, with its window in a niche high up in the wall; steps were before it, which Agnes climbed every day, and looked out upon the landscape, stretching away between the park and garden. She saw number less low hills, undulated ages ago by a wind pent in the earth, which died in a mighty heave along the verge of the horizon. They were crowned with trees. or furrowed with ripening grain. Once inside them she thought, the clue which led into the world's high

Hugh sent her books and bunches of flowers. To languid to read, she amused herself by pulling the flowers apart, and throwing them from the window leaf by leaf. Rebecca at last declared that something must be done, or Agnes would die. She must have the morning air. She should ride with Hugh in the She should not stay in her own room. She had had too much solitude, and not half care en High arranged the wagon that day for her, and early the next morning while the swallows were twittering

" Now, my dear, Hugh is waiting for you. "A little more sleep," she begged, "I am so tired."
"Not a wink. If you shut your eyes, I'll call Hugh to carry you out to the wagon. Come; I will dres

stood outside the door snapping his fingers at his dog Key, who was slobbering and groaning for a caress. Agnes thrust her hand in Key's shaggy coat, who for sask his master at once

Help her, Hugh, said Rebecca O no," said Agnes, "Key is helping me Hugh quietly lifted her into the wagon, and they started with Key running beside them.
"I shall drive," said Hugh, "where you will have

a different view from the one your window gives. I from it so often, and your gaze was so far away. "No, I am not homesick; but how could you see mom my perch?"

pointing to an old free, whose top was black with cones, but whose lower branches were still green and thems. "It decome all my title days I wish you worm try it; the carpet under it is dry, you see; the pine does not rustle its leaves above my head; there is no chatter of birds in its boughs; it is always grave and

"It is like you," she thought; then aloud. "I will

equent it from this day."
She drew her shawl about her, and turned her face aside: Hugh saw that she did not wish to prolong the conversation. She enjoyed the scene too much to talk; the cool sweet air was balm to her; the quiet trot of the horses, the noiseless gallop of Key, his scamper into neighboring fields, the long shadows of the trees and the flying birds, gave her a child-like pleasure Park Farm was now five miles behind them. The orses were jogging slowly up a long hill, when Hugh suddenly reined them round an abrupt turn in the road Below, bay a wide magnificent valley full of serrated woods. A crooked river ran through it, the sunrise burnishing its calm surface. Far beyond, the land rose in a series of ridges, extending the prospect till dis-tance was lost in blue haze. Agnes rose to her feet, and gave a cry of delight : Hugh internally thanked

"I am well," she said, and stretched her hand to wards him. He took it, the firmness of his grasp sur-prised her, and looking into his face she received from his glance an indescribable impression which opened the door of her soul, and encouraged it to step

"Now for home and breakfast, "cried Hugh; "mother -youth; while he leaped into the experience of gate, Rebecca was there to open it. "Agnes, you are Agnes had sent her child, a boy of three years, to better. The great valley is a cure, isn't it? Do you some dear old cracked china on it for you.

She had also prepared some dainty dishes, had come for her to visit some maternal relations. the table fanciful with flowers as well as with the old rivid spark gleamed in them, and a tinge of color came to her pale lips.

"How pleasant you are; how sincere," she said.

"Will you go with me. Hugh

"Why, who else can go?" asked his mother.
"Who else?" said Hugh, sipping his coffee;
"Where is this woman's husband?" he thought; " sauntered away.

In the afternoon, Agnes went to the hammock. Behind sketch of her mother's girlhood-the mother

time set in motion. A cool wind crept over the earth, and stirred the pine which let its needles fall on Agnes's

a pretty motion, and twisted in the hatband the leaves which had fallen. He observed all she did with a

"Do you like our life?".
"Yes, it is an idyl to me.

"What has mother been talking of?"

"Of my own mother, her early friend."
"Your mother's portrait hangs in my room."

"Let me see it." "Yes, if you wish. It is a strange, sad face, and akes me dream.

"Come then. They went up stairs. In the faded picture Agne aw a resemblance to herself—the same eyes and com-pressed month. Its expression recalled her father to her mind, and she startled Hugh with her question,—

Was my father a bad man? "A worldly man.

He asked her to look at his books, and they were omising to read together when they heard Rebecca alling them to supper.

As soon as the birds were asleep, Rebecca was by

Agnes's bedside again. She put out her candle, drew away the curtain from the window, bade her be ready for the morning's ride, and left her. So ended this

happy day, the first of a series.

Agnes wrote Fleming that she was better, describe Rebecca and Hugh, said she was happy with them, and asked permission to stay at Park Farm till her child should arrive home, when she wished him to send it to her, and they would, when Autumn came, return to gether. He gave the desired permission, and promised to send the child. Rebecca soon saw that Agnes re-quired her attention no longer; Hugh must take care quired her attention no longer; Hugh must take care of her now, she said; she must look to her dairy, which of late had been neglected. So they were abandoned to the dangerous occupation of learning how to be necessary to each other. Agnes rose in the morning buoyant with the hope which found its fulfilment every hour. The thoughts of Hugh ran towards her, as a river runs towards the sea; his attentions gave her a higher estimation of herself. She decorated her her a nighter estimation of nement. She decorated her hair with the flowers be gave her, and soon knew which dress he liked the most. The coquetry which exists in refited and sensitive women, so long latent in her, was developed; its inspiration exalted her. She had changed indeed since her arrival-at Park She had changed indeed since her arrival at Park Farm. Then, she had the immobility and coldman of a statue. Now, she was a woman with blushes,

awakened to the fact that she still has the power to in her gentle vivacity; they talked about her, and said how good she was, and how handsome, and wishe hat they could keep her with them always. For a time they were contented with this open an innocent friendship; the pleasure of finding a similar ity of opinion or a likeness in taste, sufficed them Their books, their rides and walks, were a great enjoy ment. The indolent days of sunshine and shower, the calm, sweet evenings were all delightful; life was

seautiful. But this wide circle must needs be narrowe to the vortex of personal sensation. The zest and activity with which they had pursued these simple leasures died out. Rebecca's unthinking good-natu did not allow her to perceive the change in their suits; but changed they were. They kept toge still, for the charm of presence was imperative with both, but the book remained unopened in Hugh's hand, the walks were confined to the park, the rides pattle-gage of the souls of Agnes and Hugh.

Hugh was quiet, and looked less at her than he did, but pondered the earth and sky, and examined all things inquiringly. Whatever his mood, she hungered for its meaning. Still she was filled with a vague unusiness: thoughts came to her of the meaning of all this, but she waved them off, and sought Hugh, mute with a pain she would not analyze.

The wheat harvest was over. Unclouded weather

dew fell at night. No wind came from the North, none from the South. The moon sailed high over the down, agnes."

The desire which had been amouldering in her to be and Hugh spent the evenings there, under the old pine. John went to bed with the fowls, and Rebecca followed him-as soon as the kitchen fire went out. Hugh and Agnes had changed places. She was solicitious for him now, and watched his movements with anxiety. He occupied the hammock, while she sate of the trough the hall swiftly, out on the porch, the green places. As short flash of lightning significance of the indicate of the door, it turned from the outside; opened, and the expression in his eyes made her quall. He are the best things going for the last time, now broke loose. She was solicitious for the door, it turned from the outside; opened, and the expression in his eyes made her quall. He are the best things going for the last time, now broke loose. She was solicitions of the door, it turned from the outside; opened, and the expression in his eyes made her quall. He details are reported, and the counsel get drew her through the hall swiftly, out on the porch, the accoupled the hammock, while she sate of down the avenue. As sharp flash of lightning significant and the problem of the porch that the details are reported, and the counsel get drew her through the hall swiftly, out on the porch, the case of this kind as people rent farms on share. pine. John went to bed with the rows, and Reoccus followed him as soon as the kitchen fire went out. Hugh and Agnes had changed places. She was solicit-ous for him now, and watched his movements with anxiety. He occupied the hammock, while she sat on the grass beside it. Sometimes she put her hand on

o Hugh and her dairy. Hugh dreamed, pinks and roses straggied more willing profice and more than once detected in pseudoper pinks and roses straggied more willing profice and more than once detected in pseudoper pinks and roses straggied more willing profice and more than once detected in pseudoper pinks and roses straggied more willing profice and to the profice of the profice

night:
"Dew," murmured Agrics, putting her hand to ber glance.
"We will speak of this, but not now," she said:

"I must go in."

He walked beside her up the avenue, still withou

speaking. When they reached the porch, she laid he hand on his arm. He stopped.

"Will you kiss me once?" she asked timidly

"Will you kiss me once?" she asked timidly.

He laughed, but he clenched his teeth. "Goodnight, Agnes. Do not try me too far," and stepping back, he waved his hand for her to pass in. The air seemed full of seunds, she was so dizzy. Shutting her door, she listened a moment against it, and then groped for a candle, lit it, and walked about the room.

She was crying bitterly. "How criminal I am." she groped for a candle, lit it, and walked about the roomshe was crying bitterly. "How criminal I am." she
thought; "I have prefigured to Hugh, that which a
san should realise but with one—the woman he can
that marriage. I have wronged some woman besides
the marry, he will think of me and of himself with shame.
But what harm has he done?" she saked. She could
find no fault with him, and with a woman's pride blamed
herrolf alone. The remembrance of his last words. herself alone. The remembrance of his last words again alone. Then she endured one of those struggle wishes will be overruled, in spite of all the judgment can calculate, and the specious reasons the heart can invent. She looked about mechanically for a pencil and paper, and wrote a few words with a bitter feeling of revolt, protesting with all her soul against their purport—"Hugh," she wrote, "it is not right for us to be together. It must not be. Let us both be silent. We can guess all that might be said." She crept up stairs, and slipped the note under his door. As she timed back, she stumbled over Key, who had followed her. With a growt he caught her sleeve in his teeth her. With a growl he caught her aleeve in his teeth and held her fast. Hugh stirred, as if his attention "I will go in." But she clutched Key's collar and

danged him by main strength through the passage He loosed his hold, and she fled down the stairs, and heard Hugh open his door before she reached her room note had a contrary effect from that which she had in-

tended, for he kept near her as if fearful she would escape him.

To her relief, at last her child and his nurse arrived

As she took him, her heart gave a great throb of pair and love. Hugh's face darkened when he saw him but he took the child up tenderly and embraced him. "Now that your boy has come, you can stay," said "Autumn is at hand," replied Agnes, "and I mus

whatumn is at hand," replied Agnes, "and I must back to my busy city life." She determined to return in a few days, and that those days should be spent apart from Hugh. She could not, however, separate herself entirely from him. He had not left home since the night they were last by the hammock under the pine; the business which occupied him before, seemed to be over. He returned to his books, treasures which had long been neglected; perhaps he derived strengts man usury. I was not something the havior was dangerously sweet to her. She spent her evenings by the bedside of her child, or in chat with Reberca, but sometimes Hugh and she found them-

evenings by the bedside of her chind, or in chat with Rebecca, but sometimes Hugh and she found them selves alone, in spite of her precautions. A struggle was visible in him—a struggle of pride and passion of right and wrong. He grew moody, and even Re becca now perceived a change in him, and the two women divined each other without any words; both prayed in thankfulness when the time came for Agnes

The night before her departure was sultry and potended a storm. She was to leave early in the morning; her trunks were packed; she had had her last talk with Rebecca, and had gone to her room. All n her bed. The ominous hush outside was occasional ly broken by the roll of distant thunder. The air of the room stifled her, its walls seemed narrowing round her, her heart was besting nervously. She unfastened amorous adventures in Brooklyn; Charleston, S. C., the ribbon on her throat, and took the comb from her hair; but she could not resolve to undress. She ance of Mr. Shaw, who seems to be one of the new rich and of Mr. Shaw, who seems to the first the glass, but employed herself in carefully arranging the books which were on the table under it. She opened them and read over the name on their title-pages—written in ink discolorthe name on their title-pages—written in ink discolored with age—'Hugh Park Pennock.' Having done
this, she walked up and down the room with an irresolite step; she pansed by the child and arranged the
coverlet over him. At last she looked up at the window, which stared at her blankly. She went up the steps, softly opened it, and saw from it, what she knew she should see, Hugh below with his face upturned.

her in his arms; she hid her face in his bosom, his to Miss Carsta was born.

John Pennock, the grandson of old  $\hat{H}_{W_k}$ , his wife Rebevea, and their only child. Hugh Park Pennock, the last blossom which dropped from their tree of life. The air was full of the golden dust of sunset when the last blossom which dropped from their tree of life. John gave them a kindly nod, asked for supper, and bived solitary in the dark decaying house. John kept his wheat fields in order, but did nothing else: Rebectationally attended to Hugh and her dairy. Hugh dreamed. So every year the pinks and roses straggled more wild-has changed again; her features are growing flowifile."

"good-night" with the last, but she was silent. So When had she felt such an embrace as Rebects gow as he. The moths and beetles flew round them undisturbed. The moon rose; hanging low in the sky, was he. The moths and beetles flew round them undisturbed. The moon rose; hanging low in the sky, was he. The moths and beetles flew round them undisturbed. The moon rose; hanging low in the sky, was he. The moths and beetles flew round them undisturbed. The moon rose; hanging low in the sky, was he. The moths and beetles flew round them undisturbed. The moon rose; hanging low in the sky, was he. The moths and beetles flew round them undisturbed. The moon rose; hanging low in the sky. She pointed to the was key. She pointed in the sky. She pointed in the sky. She pointed in the sky. The moon rose; hanging low in the sky. She pointed in the sky. She pointed to the was he. The moths and beetles flew round them undisturbed. The moon rose; hanging low in the sky. She pointed in t

THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS trait of his great-grandfather, which hung in a small should even like to pass the night here if Key would be more called the Library, where there were a few leather bound books, printed in London, for the booksellers.

No. 9 SPRUCE STREET. NEW YORK.

The library which hung in a small should even like to pass the night here if Key would be my watcher."

Rebesca told her that the dew fell too heavy at his primitive heart, and he remained silent; but his face at the Mitre in Fleet street, or 'The Golden Lion in hight.'

The library which hung in a small should even like to pass the night here if Key would be my watcher.'

Rebesca told her that the dew fell too heavy at high primitive heart, and he remained silent; but his face was light moving in the house, from the right.

TO A TROUT Caught in the Hoosic, March 31st, 1860.

Beautiful varlet In silver and acarlet, ough you ripples late flashed like a be Hear'st thou the treble

Of wavelet and pebble, Calling thee back to thy home in the stream Vainly the music

Al chimes of the Hoosic . Ring from the foam-bells its eddies supply No'er, stranded swimmer, Again shall thy shimmer

In the light golden -Arrayed like a soldan—
I marked thee self-poised in the crystalline pool, Unseen I surveyed thee Yet now I pity thee, beautiful fool!

With those gills fluttering What art thou uttering? Curses, perchance, on thy folly and greed Know then thy captor

Apt is, or apter, To jump at a lure, of no barb taking heed Gaudily feathered

Thy radiant form to the merciless rod Hooks forged by Satan, With glittering buit on, Catch Christian souls in a manner as odd.

Men, like weak fishes. Seduced by their wishes, Jump to conclusions insensate and dire Get in hot water Spring from the fryingpan into the fire

As I was reeling Stole o'er my heart, and thou then hadet been But for a dumb ache—
A pang of the stomach—
That cannot be silenced or soothed but by thee

Poor captured rover, Thy last quiver's over, And, as with death human sympathy cuds. Proud of my bouncer,

A thirty-two-ouncer, I bear thee away to astonish my friends. [From the New York Herald.]

THE SHAW-CARSTANG CASE.
The Demi-Monde of America. We print in another part of our impression of to-da reach of promise case at St. Louis, together with the

for the defendant, and sent Miss Carstang out of court

with a heavy bill of costs. The counsel for the plain tiff has given notice of appeal; but we presume the cause will never be tried again. According to our usual custom, we have refrained from alluding to this curious cause while it was in the process of adjudication. Now that it has been passed up-

on, we purpose to pay attention for a moment to the facts it discloses and the lesson it teaches. First as to the history of the affair. The plaintiff, Miss Effic Carstang, was, it seems, very respectably be gives her many valuable presents, and finally pop-the momentous question. He is accepted; the pre-

ever, all the details are reported, and the counsel get fine advertisements for nothing. They sometimes take cases of this kind as people rent farms on shares down the avenue. As sharp flash of lightning sig-saged through the gloom, revealing every needle of the pine towards which they were hastening; it daguerreo-Weller in the celebrated Bardell vs. Pickwick case, to she spoke to him and he did not seem to hear her, for he made no answer; but he sighed, and ahe sighed to have been in Agnes's memory—the clump back softly. The evenings passed in this way were not counted, but when she thought of them afterward, the period seemed a long one.

When the old hall clock struck ten, Agnes went into the house, undressed with haste, pressed her face to the tendency of the house in period seemed a long one.

When the old hall clock struck ten, Agnes went into the plaintiff expressed her admiration at the conduct of her attorneys, who acted 'uncommon over her arms and down her white dress—the tail form to Hugh looking up beside her, his face wild and turid in the glare—all was impressed therefore ever. It was the conduct of her attorneys, who acted 'uncommon and down her white dress—the tail form to the charge her admiration at the conduct of her attorneys, who acted 'uncommon over her arms and down her white dress—the tail form to Hugh looking up beside her, his face wild and turid in the glare—all was impressed there forever. It was the conduct of her attorneys, who acted 'uncommon handsome' in saying that they would not charge her admiration at the conduct of her attorneys, who acted 'uncommon handsome' in saying that they would not charge her admiration at the conduct of her attorneys, who acted 'uncommon handsome' in saying that they would not charge her admiration at the conduct of her attorneys, who acted 'uncommon handsome' in saying that they would not charge her admiration at the conduct of her attorneys, who acted 'uncommon handsome' in saying that they would not charge her admiration at the conduct of her attorneys, who acted 'uncommon handsome' in saying that they would not charge her admiration at the conduct of her attorneys, who acted 'uncommon handsome' in saying that they would not charge her admiration at the conduct of her attorneys, who acted 'uncommon handsome' in saying that they would not charge her attorneys, who acted 'uncommon handsome' in saying that they wo the house, undressed with haste, pressed her face to the pillow, and resolutely went to alsep. How long thugh remained in the park, she knewnot. She never heard his step in the hall, and she dared not look from her window, for she had more than once dreamed that he was beneath it. Of late Hugh had absented himber once, returning at night, and after supper taking she has place in the hammock or wandering about the park, where Agnes, and sometimes his mother, joined him.

Business kept him away, Rebecca said. She thought the flugh must be growing worldly, or she had a fear that he might put into execution an old plan of going to sell during the day, or she had a fear that he might put into execution an old plan of going to sell for the park, where Agnes looked down when she expressed this fear, and Hugh made no reply.

One night when the clock struck ten, Agnes did not go in. Hugh counted the strokes expecting her "good-nights" with the last, but she was silent. So was he. The moths and beetles few round them undisturbed. The moon rose; hanging low in the sky, its placid light shone under the dark branches of the pilos and revealed their faces to each other, but Hugh; who was a plot to to speak, when her voice was appointed to take testimony as a salver from his bed, and they caught a sight which frose them. The child, disturbed by the temperature of the counted on either side, and its members travelled from his bed, and climbed up the steps into the window, and stood in its narrow ledge, crying for her. She thrust away Hugh, whose impulse was to catch her in his arms and of the evidence that could be printed has been laid on to in. Hugh counted the strokes expecting her with her, for the catastrophe which he as we must take place; but she flew towards the house, designed high and the clock struck ten, Agnes did not go in. Hugh counted the strokes expecting her with her, for the catastrophe which he as well as the plaintiff's counsel, so the middle of the evidence that could be printed has been laid beaked her; i place to place, examining a very great number of wit-nesses. It will be noticed that the privilege of cross examination was accorded to the plaintiff's counsel, so have received a copy of the prospectus, by which that the depositions taken by the lawyers were of equal appears that the Cambridge Review, will be 'a high ton e', weight as if they had been sworn to in open court. All independent, interesting journal of the tin of the evidence that could be printed has been laid to Literature, Art, Politics, Local News, a before the public, and the inference from the perusal of it and the verdict of the jury is that the plaintiff's Thursday, the 19th of April — Pagnerre, the Republican Paris publisher, has the publisher, the publisher of the pub to us, immaculate. If all the evidence is true, Miss carstang's love affairs have been very numerous. She has had, according to the witnesses, flirtations without celebrated novelist, dramatist, and post, and who was number; of agricus interior. number; of serious intrigues not a few have fallen to ber lot; she has been several times affianced, but never wedded; and more than once detected in peculiarly perplexing predicaments with persons of the opposite, sex. The array of evidence on the defendant's rised 'Macbeth,' 'King John,' and 'Bichard III, 'wide abust have been very strong to have overthrown. number; of serious intrigues not a few have, fallen to

promised marriage and then basely descrited her when her things were all ready, and the intelligent jurymen, unless the facts are each as solid as a sixty-four-pound shot, give the pretty woman swingeing damages, and go bome to 2heir dinners with the proud conscious ess of having done their duty to a lovely wo ness of having done their duty to a lovely seman in difficulty. That was the sentiment of the jury in the first trial of the Carstang suit; but the panel for the second examination of the affair has been obdurate. The jurors evidently believe, from the tea-timony that the plaintiff belongs to what is politely known as the demi-monde, a French term for a class of women very well known abroad, and not altogether a stranger in some circles in the United States. The best definition of the demi-monde woman extant is given in the play of M. Dumas fils, by the famous comparison of the peaches; the fruit as it is exposed to view in the basket looks all alike, but here and there you may find a specimen with a unpricious spot under the skin – not a large spot, but still a spot. The unsound peaches represent the dead-monde women, who are clever, handsome, well bred, cultivated, agreeable, and so on — but they have the taint. The demi-monde woman has no affections - she has only appetites; she has no heart—only a sort of air pump; her rule of life is founded upon interest-tables. The question of money is the only vital matter with her. She is a gambler, and surroundings of her victims. In some cases she has been suspected of murder; in others she has led on her prey step of step, until the majority of in stance, the operations of this interesting and important class of the community are only known to the parties interested. The breach of promise dodge is a favorite one with the demi-monde; but such cases in this section of the country, rarely come before the courts. The victim prefers to pay roundly rather than make himself ridiculous. The operations of the demi-monde woman are so infinitely various that they could not be enumerated in a moderate-sized volume is to society what the lobby is to politics—a genteel pi rate, with the black flag constantly nailed to the mast.
We must do the common street woman the justice to
say that she is not acknowledged by the demi-monde woman. That interesting class regards the lorette with a degree of holy horror, compared to which the virtuous indignation of ancient maidens and venerable dowagers is extremely mild. No, the demi-monde woman may be found oftentimes at the tables or in the salons of very nice people; not unfrequently she has a pew in a fashionable church, and attends to her religious duties with rigid regularity. The demi-monde woman lives everywhere She has grown a social excrescence system, which has deprived at least two-thirds of the Northern and Western States, and half of that of the Southern, of anything like a home. Many young women are brought up to the belief that they have to catch a rich husband. They lay plans accordingly if they land their fish and it turns out badly, they hoist their colors and take out letters of marque against Wall street. If they fall, they resort to bullying, and es to the law

belongs to the demi-monde. The hopey to Min is think so, and the evidence has certainly a very ugly look. In any event, we seize upon the occasion to warn susagainst the crinoline privateers who infest all our large cities, and lie in wait for their prey, seeking, like the roaring lion, whom they may devour. Hereabouts the breach of promise dodge is pretty well used up, and the seduction law is a dead letter; but the granivorous wishows and experienced spinsters are as elever in the invention of new schemes as the lobby operators of

Let all the fine old gentlemen in Wall street take due notice of the Carstang case, and govern themselves accordingly, walking in virtue's paths as the law

> [From ' Napoleon III on Italy '] ITALY BY KLIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

But Italy, my Italy, Can it last, this gleam? Can she live and be strong, Or is it another dream. Like the rest we have dreamed so long? And shall it, must it be. That after the battle-cloud has bucken she will die off again Like the rain, And a gravestone under her head, While every nation at will Beside her has dared to stand And flout her with pity and scorn, Saying. 'She is at rest, She is fair, she is dend, And beaving room is her stead Very fair, but dead,
And so we have room for the lace.
Can it be true, be true,
That she lives anew?
That she rises up at the shout of her sone.
And lives anew?—is it true. As in Forty-eight '. When her eyes were troubled with blood

- The publication of a new weekly paper, called

# The Saturday Press Book-Tist.

For the week ending April 7, 1960.

of course no reader and no critic can ever get to the boltom of the jule of New Books. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his pungent SATERDA PRESS, does most wisely by marely mentioning them in attractor print. The title of a new book, present a county type, is a very volumble notice.—Harper's, Weekly Nov. 12, 1869.

## NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

Fragments from the Study of a Pastor. By Rev. George W. Nichols, A.M. 75 cents. New York: T. B. Price

BIOGRAPHICAL.

1. Douglas, United States Senator from Hilmost porfant Speeches and Reports. By a member. With Portrait. 1200. \$1. New York

POETRY Poems Lyrical and Idyllic. By Edmund Clarence pp: 160 New York Charles Scribner

NOVELS.

Conson Mande and Resamond. A new volume By Mrs Mary J Holmes. 1 vol. 12mo. \$1. New York W. M. Saxton, Barker & Co. TRAVELS, ETC.

A Voyage Lown the Amesor with a land Journey through Siberia, and ineightal Notices of Manchoutic Kamechaika, and Japan illy Perry McLunough tolina. United States Commercial Agent at the Amesor River. 12mo. 14p. 200. New York. D. Appleton & the Amesor River. 12mo. 14p. 200. New York. MISCELLANEOUS.

Smithern Wealth and Northern Profits, as Exhibited in Statistics,
Forts and official Figures, showing the Necessity of Union to the
Forture Prosperity and Weitare of the Republic. By Thomas P.
Kettell, late Editor of the Democratic Review. New York: G.
W. & J. A. Wood.

W. R. J. A. Wood, the Coupling of the Comprehensive Farm for 22 years. Prepared by Dr. F. C. Hough, Superintendent of N. Y. State Census. I vol. small quarto. 83. New York: C. M. Saxton, Barker & Os. Debatractions to the Navagation of Hudson's River; embracing the Minutes of the Secret Committee appointed by the Provincial Convention of York, July 18, 1778, and other Original Decuments relating to the Subject. Together with Papers relating to the Secret. By E. M. Sottlebore, 4.0. 8. Allany; J. Manach.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS

The Barefooted Maiden. A Tale by Berthold Amerbach. Transla-ted from the German, by Mrs. Eliza Buckminster Lee. 16mo 75 cents. Boston J. Munroe a Co.

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ENGLISH.

he Ulster Awakening Its Origin, Progress, and Fruit. With Notes of a Tour of Personal Observation and Inquiry. By the Rev. J. Weir, D.D. With Introduction by the Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel, M.A. Sto., 4s. Landon: Hall, Virtue & Oo. Erce Homo: a Treatise on the Nature and Personality of God, founded upon the Gospels of St. Luke and St. John. 5s. London-Saunders, Otley & Co.

A Fallen Faith: being the Psychology of Quakeriem. By Edgar Sheppard, M.D., L.R.C.P. Lond., F.R.C.S. Svo. 58. London:

HISTORICAL. Historical Record of the \$2nd Light Infantry, from 1755 to 1858 By W. S. Moorson, M.I.C.E. Late Captain 52nd Light Infantry and D.Q.M.G. London Richard Bentley. POETRY.

Echone from freemland a selection of New and (regimal Poems, By Frank Norman, 8vo. 6s. London: Ward & Lock The Poetry of Spring: a Poem. By Goodwyn Barmby, 1s. Lon-don: W. Tweedle The Convert, and other Poems. By Rev. F F Clark. & Lon-don: Saunders, Otley & Co.

NOVELS. llarry Birkett, the Story of a Man who Helped Hinself. be. London W. Tweedle. TRAVELS.

Through the Tyrol to Venice. By Mrs. Newman Hall. 8vo. 7s.6d. London James Nisbet & Co. MISCELLANEOUS.

The Pope's Rights and Wrongs: an Historical Sketch. Crown Svo pp. xiv 97, cloth. 2s. 6d. London: Trubner & Co. of the Gospel. By Theologos, M.A., Cantab. London: Saunders Caller & C.

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### BOOKS IN PRESS

RUDD & CARLETON, NEW YORK. The Kelly's and the O'Kelly's. By Anthony Trollope. Next week. A New Volume of Biographies. By Lord Macaulay. 1 vol. 12mo. The Letters of Alexander Von Humboldt, translated from the German. Unform with Life of Humboldt.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press For the week ending Saturday, April 7, 1860.

Rita: An Autobiography. 12mo. pp. 358. Boston: Maybew Baker. 1860. The Florence Stories. Grimkie. By Jacob Abbott. 18mo. pp 252. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1860.

New York: Sheldon & Or. 1860.
Sketches from Life: or Illustrations of the Influence of Christianity.
Second Series: 12mo. pp. 488. New York: American Tract.
Society. 1860.
Southern Wealth and Northern Profits, as exhibited in Statistical Pacts and Official Figures: showing the necessity of Union to the Future Propegity and Welfare of the Republic. By Thomas Prentice Kettlell, lake Editor of the Benocratic Review. 8vo. pp. 173. New York: George W. & John A. Wood. 1860.
Life of Stephen A. Douglas. Unifed States Senator from Illinois.

Practical and Complete System of Geography for Schools, com-prining a concise description of the present state of the World, and in addition, a symopis of Ancient Geography and outline of Physical Geography. By J. Otney; A.M. (One bundreth edition.) 12mo. pp. 52b. New York: Prait, Gasby & Oc.

Comm matter and forekanond. By Mrs. stary J. Estimet, author of Lena Rivers, Homestead on the Hilliade, Mendow Brock, Dora Danne, Maggie Miller, etc. 12mo. pp. 374 New York C. M. Saxton, Barker & Co. 1860.

Voyage Down the Amoor with a Land Journey through Siberia, and Incidental Notices of Manchooria, Kamschatka, and Japan. By Perry McDonough Collina, U. R. Commercial Agent at the Amoor River. 12mo. pp. 396. New York D. Appelona & Co. on III. in Italy, and other Poems. By Elimbeth Barrett raing. 12mo. pp. 72. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. Lyrical and ldyllic. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. 12mo. 186. New York: Charles Scribner. 1860. Ashwood. A Love Story. By Paul Siogvolk. Author of disams. 1 vol. 12mo. New York: Radd & Carleton. 1860.

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Well might Imperial Juno storm
Till all Olympus termbied,
If beauty's Queen in face and form
Thus glorious dame resembled.
If marvel not that mighty Jove
Laid by his boilts of thunder,
And spits of Juno's anger strove
To win the lovely wonder.
But that's a myth.—The gold of Greece
And all their wives, the goldemes,
Were feigned, the interest to increase
Of Blads and of Odysseys.
Twas Thins's penell gave the world
A beauty superhumas,
And with celestial light impearled
The perfect form of woman!
And here, as in that gem of Art
That gives his name to glory.
The Yesun, born of Thian's heart,
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### The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR

NEW YORK, APRIL 7, 1860.

NAPOLEON III. AND OTHER POEMS

Not many are the golden voices whose tones, floa singer is audible above the din of busy peoples and the martial music of storms. But this thrills us from afar with its divine beauty, and takes captive our hearts with its magical inspiration. Such a voice and such a song are those of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

song are those of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

To her as to a poet great among the great poets of this century, the admiration of more than a single race flows onward in a sparkling and tumultuous tide. To her is given that homage which genius alone commands; but which it commands irresistibly in virtue of its celestial origin and mission. In her are comvaried culture,—all that is electric in the divine fire,—all that is beautiful in the snowy spirituality of woman,—all that is passionate, true, and tender in what she has herself felicitously called

"A heart white, blood thertured.

"A beart within, blood tinctured,

Accepting this high and sympathetic estimate of her genius and her position in literature, we were prepared to welcome her new book with enthusiastic delight, and to pay it the tribute of honest admiration. Our ter disappointment in its contents.

For, considering her brilliant prestige, this book is, in all its essential qualities, unworthy of the author. It is indeed a splendid outburst of poetic passion, roused into life by sympathy with the oppressed, and uttering fervent appeals for freedom and humanity; but it conre of politics than of poetry, and its politics

of 'Poems before Congress.' It is published in this country, by Messrs. C. S. Francis & Co., under the title of 'Napoleon III. in Italy; and other Poems.' It comprises eight poems besides a prose introduction, which latter is so powerful, so bold, and altogether so

admirable, that we are constrained to transcribe is en

These poems were written under the pressure of the events they indicate, after a residence in Italy of so many years, that the present triumph of great principles is heightened to the writer's feelings by the diastrous issue of the last movement, witnessed from 'Casa Guidi windows' in 1849. Yet, if the verses should appear to English readers too pungently rendered to admit of a patriotic respect to the English sense of things, I will not excuse myself on such grounds, nor on the ground of my attachment to the Italian people. things, I will not excuse myself on such grounds, nor on the ground of my attachment to the Italian people, and my admiration of their heroic constancy and union. What I have written has aimply been written because I love truth and justice quand même, 'more than Plato's country, more even than Shakspeare and Shakspeare's country.

And if patriotism means the flattery of one's nation in every case, then the patriot, take it as you please, is merely a courter, which I am not, though I have written 'Napoleon III. in Italy.' It is time to limit the significance of certain terms, or to enlarge the significance of certain terms, or to enlarge the significance of certain terms, or to enlarge

limit the significance of certain terms, or to enlarge the significance of certain things. Nationality is excellent in its place; and the instinct of self-love is the root of a man, which will develope into sacrificial virtues. But all the virtues are means and uses; and, if we hinder their tendency to growth and expansion, we both destroy them as virtues, and degrade them to that rankest species of corruption reserved for the most noble organisations. For instance, non-intervention in the affairs of neighboring States is a high political virtue; but non-intervention does not mean, passing by on the other side when your neighbor falls among thieves.—or Phariseeism would recover it from Christianity. Freedom of the seas does not mean piracy, nor freedom of the Jasti, brigandage; nor freedom of the passing the sease of the sease, freedom to calumniate and lie. So, if patriotism be a virtue indeed, it cannot mean an exclusive devotion to one's country's latester. The buildings and grounds are commodison, and the educational advantages superior.

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Prof. ELIE CHARLIER, Director.

When a British Minister dares to speak no, and when a British Minister dares to speak no, and the name of the day when

cause and the po To her, he is the Liberstor of Italy, the Appells of Freedom, the Champion of the Oppressed.

In her vision, the tottering tyramples of Burnely, in her vision, the tottering tyramples of Burnely, in her vision, the tottering tyramples of Burnely tembers the 'mystic tricolor' of France, and the sensite of Bonne 'hegins to pale its ineffects all fire. In sheet, Napoleon III. is, to Mrs. Browning, not only a great, but a good man,—having splendid qualities of beain and heart, and being celestially delegated for the regeneration of Europe. This is her portrait of the hero:

Measure him ore he depart

"Measure him ere he depart
With those who have governe
Larger so much by the heart,
Larger so much by the head.

Evermore.

He holds that, consenting or disaldent Nations must move with the time; Assumes that crime with a precedent Doubles the guilt of the crime; Denies that a slaver's bond,
Or a treaty signed by knaves (Quorum magna pars and beyond Was one of an honest name)
Gives an inexpagnable claim
To abolishing men into slaves.
Emperor
Evermore.

Evermore.

'He will not swagger nor boast
Of his country's meeds, in a tone
Missuiting a great man most
If such should speak of his own;
Nor will be act, on her side,
From motives baser, indeed,
Than a man of a noble pride
Can avow for himself at need;
Never, for lucre or laurels,
Or custom, though such should be rife,
Adapting the smaller morals
To measure the larger life.
He, though the merchaute persuade,
And the soldiers are eager for strife,
Finds not his country in quarrels
Only to find her in trade,—
While still he accords her such honor
As never to flinch for her aske
Where men put service upon her,

Where men put service upon her,
Found heavy to undertake
And carcely like to be paid:
Believing a nation may act
Unselfishly—shiver a lance
(As the least of her sons may, in fact)
And not for a cause of finance.
Emperor

As to this we have to my that h ay otherwise be,—in the lovely innocence of a guah g disposition,—we do not at all believe in Louis Napo leon. And perhaps we cannot more definitely express our diment from Mrs. Browning's verdict and the general tenor of her book, than by the following less legant but far more accurate portrait of the Emperor

Measure him ere he depart,
With the wise who have governed and led,
Smaller so much by the heart,
Smaller so much by the head,
Perjuer
Evermore.

He holds that consenting or dissident, Nations must march to his time, Assumes that crime with a precedent, Decuples the guilt of crime, Insists that a tyrant's bond or a suffrage bought by knaves Gives an inexpugnable claim For transforming men into slaves.

He will but swagger and boast
Of his country's meeds, in a tone
Missuiting a great man most
If perchance he speaks of his own
And ever he acts on her side
From motives baser indeed,
Than a man of noble pride
Can avow for himself at need.

Can avow for himself at need.

Ever for power, or laurels,
Or custom, when such shall be rife,
Adapting the smaller morals,
To measure the larger life.
He when his interests persuade,
And the soldiers are eager for strife,
Involves his proud nation in quarrels
with with the proud nation in quarrels
with with the proud nation in for the sale.
To put cruel service upon her
Which his minions will undertake.
If they are but sure to be paid—
Believing no Frenchman may act
Unselfishly—shiver a lance,
(As the least of them all would in fact)
For the honor and glory of France.

That Mrs. Browning should make Napoleon III. as object of idolatry, is not at all surprising. The favor-ite axiom of her sex is that 'Success is success'—an axiom which, if it signifies anything, signifies—first, that any end is noble which secures to a man either wealth or power—second, that the end always justifies th means: two propositions so utterly monstrous that we cannot look upon them except with the utmost execration. But the world, and especially the femi-

exectation. But the word, and especially the lemine world, thinks differently.

Napoleon III. has met with a certain kind of success, and it worships him, quite regardless alike of the lafamous means by which he achieved it, and of the disastrous results to others which have followed it.

That he arrived to power through an act of base and shameless perjury—that in order to maintain historic in power, he had at once to banish from his realms the best and wisest men in it, and to destroy at once all freedom of speech and the Press—are simple matters of

of doing anything for the

STEDMAN'S POEMS.

— A handsome volume, containing the Poems of Ed-mund Clarence Stedman, is this week published by Charles Scribner. We have examined these poems with

Amavi.

I loved; and in the morning sky,
How fairy-like the castle grew!
Cloud-hammed turrets pointing high
Forever to the dreamy blue;
Bright fountains leaping through and thr
The golden sunshine; on the air
Gay banners streaming;—never drew
Painter or poet scene more fair.

And in that castle I would live,
And in that castle I would die;
And there, in curtained bowers, would give
Heart-warm responses—sigh for sigh;
There, when but one sweet fase, was nigh,
And ripple, as they glided by,
Like stannas of an antique song.

O foolish heart! O young Romance,
That faded with the noon-day sun!
Alas, for gentie dalliance—
For life-long pleasures never won!
O, for a season dead and gene!
A winard time, which then did seem
Only a peulude, leading on
To sweeter portions of the dream!
She died: nor wore my crange flowers
No longer, in the morning sky,
That fairy-castle life its towers
Which shoos, havhile, so lustrously;
Torn are the benerols, and dry
The silver fountains in its halls;
But the drear sen, with endless eigh,
blooss round and of or the crambled we

Let the winds blow! let the white sur Ever among those rains wail! Its monaing is a welcome dirge. For wishes that could not avail. Let the winds blow! a fercor gale is wild within me! what may quell That salles tempose!! I must sall Whither, O whither, who can tell!

Was error a volume written, weather the garb of prose, which was so complete and splandld a poem as 'Sir Robust's though? The very atmosphere of pactry envelopes it, as the soft mist'of a Summer sunrise wraps a leadening. It cannot be read like a novel; it is to be Bayerel over and dwell upon, its musical and rescuest, emissione. It cannot be read and enjoyed, as we muse over the most imaginative poems to absorb all their latent sweetness and beauty.

Imagine this book to have been the creation of Tennyson, with his exquisite rythm; or of Walt Whitman, with his grand simplicity of expression and Eastern style. The idea is ravishing.

I have amused myself fancying some of its finest passages in the manner of the latter poet, and here is one:

the cross-roads, and a surrise boiling wildly athward low inland plains.

One region of the heavens was wrapped in the pomp of crin brightening vapor, The curling and smling higher, Put up a golden lip to take the morning-star; Through It, broad rays blanched the senith; In I, the this meon, wanting her last quarter, Howity and more slowly dissolved away.

The two little poems which appear undiaguised in the volume, are perfect; they read as if they should have come from the melodious pages of Percy's 'Reliques.' Long after reading it, one is haunted by the exquisite music and old-ballad-like simplicity of the song Sir Rohan heard in his dream, where

"The fishing-lights their dances Were keeping, out at sea;"—

and 'Tyntagil' is almost as suggestive as 'The Idylls

One can hardly realise in reading this book, that it is the work of a mere girl, inexperienced in all the de-tails that give it its inexpressible charm, and perfect finish. We continually ask ourselves, how she should nnian. We continually ask ourselves, now she should have acquired this apparently inexhaustable knowledge of floral language and peculiarities; this delicate insight into the secrets of color and painting; this marvellous and connoiseur-like lore in rare, almost unknown wines, and the skill to rehearse it all so delight-

One forgets all else, and sees nothing but those dust-covered jars and flasks, with their strange and delicious names, and hears only the voices of the old man and the young girl murmuring in the dim cellar the histories of rich and far away vintagers; and awakes at the end as from a dream full of perfume and Southern

sunshine.

The description of the conservatory is nearly as remarkable. While you read, the air seems loaded with fragrance and permeated with color; and tropical odors which you have dreamed of but never known, seem to develop themselves to your waiting sense. I think that to persons who dread perfume, the reading of that description would bring a sensation of faintness; that to these who delicht in flowers, and who revel in but to those who delight in flowers, and who revel i

but to those who delight in flowers, and who revel in their scent and color, it is a rapture. Some critic whose remarks I have lately come across, pronounces Redruth the failure in this story. I do not agree with him. Marc Arundel seems to me to be its only faulty personation. That character approaches more nearly the boundaries of the commonplace, than any other which Miss Prescott has ever brought upon her stage;—so nearly that it merits not the name o

Of all Miss Prescott has written, 'The Amber Gods is the best. There is no other story of the kind in the language, in the world. Who would add to or take language, in the world. Who would add to or take from that subtle and magnificent piece of full self-worshipping sensuous life? It is one mane of gorgeous woranipping sensuous life? It is one mase of gorgeous beauty, a perfect trance of imagination and fire,—an in-toxication. Draughts of those rare and far brought wince that grew precious and more precious in the wine vaults of Belvidere, could scarcely leave one more ut-ward beauty with all its luxuriance, nor too warm with its tropical splendor,—only entirely satisfying.

In reading 'The Amber Gods,' you feel nothing of sensibility which pervades the being of Yone. You go over it rapidly, rushingly, yet thoroughly draining every atom of its light, every drop of its color, just as the soul of that brilliant creature must have gone through the spheres before it was imprisoned behind the light-flooded eyes of Yone Willoughby. You feel at last, as you might if you beheld an Arab rush over the sands of the desert 'On a stallion shod with fire,' or a star fall from heaven, or any other thing sound-less and grand, yet full of unfettered life and motion. less and grand, yet full of unfettered life and motion.

This is your first impression, when you have read the last sentence of the story, and your eye turns to linger fascinated upon that sun-bathed title, 'The Amber Gods: but afterwards? There comes a soft luxurious continues to the contract of the calm, a sensuous quiet, a dreamy Summer noon still-ness, and for a brief while, if you are imaginative enough, and impressionable enough, and a woman, you feel—Yone.

Miss Prescott's first story, which appeared in the A lastic over a year ago, was in a certain way, a greater marvel than any that have followed. It was Art itself, in its conception and execution; since no imagination merely, however creative, had been adequate to its production. The highest grade of perceptive faculty, the keenest power of appreciation and appropriation were requisite to the easy insou clance, the hard sparkle and steel-like polish of 'In a Cellar.'

Considering the removementhing exquisitely, almost in the story, is there not something exquisitely, almost ludicrously in keeping with its Frenchy tone, in this, its sole bit of sentiment, or rather, sentimentality? Delphine, will you remember, should you have occasion to do so in Vienna, that it is just possible for an analysis of the property of nglishman to have affections and sentiments, and in ct, sensations? That with him friendship can be in-

violate, and to betray it an impossibility?"

I do not like 'Yet's Christmas Box' as well as the stories that preceded it. Not, indeed, that there is any falling off of interest, or any waning of power; but it is as if a cloudy morning came, after days of sunny splendor; as if a breath of Euroclydon had swept over splendor; as if a breath of Euroclydon had swept over the fervid soul that out of its own warmth and wealth created the glory of 'The Amber Gods.' It wants that overpowering brilliancy which lay like a cloudless August beaven over the stories which it followed, and it wants, too, in a degree, their intense, yet graceful rapidity of thought and action. It is Miss Prescott tossed down; but we don't want her toned down.

toned down; but we don't want her toned down.

"Papa adores rich colors," mys Zone Willoughby,
"and he might have been satisted here, except that
such things make you want more."

I confess, however, to being a little mystified by
'Yet Yuler,' so am, perhaps, not quite fit to judge of
it. I fancy that in order to weigh the story apprecistively, one should be connected by a secret, magnetic
current of sympathy with the character of the heroine;
for in that we are left to divine her mostly by intuition.
I could wish for one more tonch of light ever so faint.

for in that we are left to divine her mostly by intuition.

I could wish for one more touch of light ever so faint,
for an outline but half a thought less vague.

The whole story, with its heavy shadows and thin
lights, from Miss Yuler with her ochre eyes and pentvolcano nature, to Friday and her gaudy hoes, impresses
me as having been thrown off as a splendid foil to the
exquisite richness and harmony of 'The Amber Gods.'

As for the course withing me and little unaccountable

cott's style, leaving

jah of joy.

For those who go to the theatre to be amused, 'Col-

ous and beautiful personation of the role was undoubt-edly the chief cause why the play has been such a suc-cess. Still this part is not by affy means equal to the capacities of this very great actress. I remember her delicious impersonation of Viola in 'As You Like It,' and I hate to see her powers wasted in puny parts; it gives me a sensation like seeing a pure-blooded racer harpessed to a wheell-size seeing a

circumstances the for-corn charines is a very similar viting that she goes to protest at sight.

One very remarkable circumstance in the course of this play, I noticed,—I might even style it a miracle for.

fascinates. Such a poor young man would have un-done his title of poor, in no time. He would have made his fortune in some way, any way, and no amount of disappointment could have contrived to keep his of disappointment head under water.

There were, however, two rôles superior to the same in French. Those played by Mr. John Brougham, and Miss Mary Gannon. They added acounter-tone of fun

The milliners, etc., shou

FAXEM ANIWOOD; A Love Story. By Paul Singrolk, Schedinsma. 1 vol. 12mo, New York; Sudd & Carlet

be a characteristic of Mine Prescott's style, leaving it perfect as it is already delightful.

Albion, N. Y.

JULIETTE H. BRACH.

Albion, N. Y.

JULIETTE H. BRACH.

It may be said of this book that the author has a simed at nothing, and hit it. From beginning to end, of are sive can see, it represents no phase, principle, nor picture even, of human life. All the characters in it, from the central fluor down to a guiding little idio called Charley, are unatural to the last degree. The hero is a badly-drawn type of that very loredy and charming creature, the woman-killer. He kills one, literally, before the end of the fifth chapter, and in course of the narraire, kills two others (in the lore-sense of killing, which is not so very dangerous after all), not to mention those he kills behind the scenes, whose number the suthor thinks is legion.

Tet nothing is told about this cruel person in any part of the story, which could induce a sensible woman to have him (nuch less to be killed by him) on any terms. And, so far as appears, no sensible woman to have him (nuch less to be killed by him) on any terms. And, so far as appears, no sensible woman to have him (nuch less to be killed by him) on any terms. And, so far as appears, no sensible woman to have him (nuch less to be killed by him) on any terms. And, so far as appears, no sensible woman to have him (nuch less to be killed by him) on any terms. And, so far as appears, no sensible woman to have him (nuch less to be killed by him) on any terms. And, so far as appears, no sensible woman to have him (nuch less to be killed by him) on any terms. And, so far as appears, no sensible woman to have him (nuch less to be killed by him) on any terms. And, so far as appears, no sensible woman to have him (nuch less to be killed by him) on any terms. And, so far as appears, no sensible woman to have him (nuch less to be killed by him) on any terms. And, so far as appears, no sensible woman to have him (nuch less to be killed by him) on any terms. And, so far as appears, no se like the rest, gets left in the lurch, and nobody knows or cares whatever becomes of her. The two latter are demi-mundane people, whom Walter meets at watering-places and sich, in Europe, where one of them, on being jilted, takes to dice and drink before taking the veil, while the other, from the first, drives two lovers tandem, and could evidently have driven half a dozen more (if they were all like Walter) with equal case.

For those who go to the theatre to be amused, 'Collect Bawn' will be a priceless drama. I do not remember any subsection of the whole that was wearnsome in the least degree. A continually changing group of interesting and forcible characters, a quick succession of startling events, together with striking scenic display, ever keeps the mind from losing its vivid and eager interest.

Miss Laura Keene, in her original character of Lioness, carried off as usual, the larger honors of the evening. Her face, manner, and voice, combined to render her really superb as 'Anne Chute,' her vigorous and beautiful personation of the rôle was undoubtedly the chief cause why the play has been such a success. to his feelings of remorse, and to warn the tender sex-against having anything more to do with him—which, in his capacity as author, at least, we incline to think

they never will.

In a word, our verdict against Walter Ashwood is Guilty, with a recommendation to Mercy.

and I hate to see a sensation like seeing a pure-blooded racer harnessed to a sheelbarrow.

The charming Agnes Robertson, it seems to me never looked so charming as she did in her peasant rôle of Elly O'Conner. The square cut dress was peculiarly advantageous to the display of her lovely throat and shoulders. The charm of her manner and personal appearance gave to the situations a life-like reality, which a plainer woman could not have conferred. It made the love of the high-born man for the peasant girl seem inevitable, whereas in most similar gricultural interests, and thus, remotely, in the accident of its geographical position. Another shall see national glory in the patronage and prosperity of the mechanic arts. One, in rayb blark, shall point to its mechanic arts. viting that she goes to protest at sight.

One very remarkable circumstance in the course of this play, I noticed,—I might even style it a miracle for dresmakers. There is a certain scene in which Elly is thrust into the river and withdrawn thence by Myles, a smuggler. Into his cottage on the banks of this very river, a few yards off, he takes her, and there keeps her studiously hidden from every eye, being also under oath not to disclose the fact of her recall to extistence to any one. This oath he religiously keeps; no one suspects that her life has been saved,—then how is it, that having been plunged into the raging deep in a certain numistakeable striped gown, she appears in that cottage in an entirely new and lovely dove-colored more tragic thing, a fashionable dressmaker?

I see that most of the journals speak of Malame Ponisi as too melodramatic in the last scene; I do not see the justice of the accusation. The Ponisi is supposed to be a mother ardently attached to her only son; her temperament and temper are excitable; that son is about to be arrested for murder through the revenge of one whom she loathes, and she herself is the actual cause of it, both directly and indirectly. This it seems to my very poor judgment is a situation not demanding artistically, any particular amount of coolness; nay, her feelings might have totally swept out of her command; have worked her up to the fever-pitch of anger and anguish, and yet have been in consonner with nature, if so low an authority can be referred to-reformed the product of the greatest interest of the piece.

Of course this play will run to the end of the season; and here the potential agriculturalist claims his due.

est of the piece.

Of course this play will run to the end of the season; anybody who neglects going to see it, will meet with a material loss.

It is very late, if not too late in,the day now to talk about the 'Poor Young Man' at Wallack's, yet speak of it I must. I saw this play for the first time performed in English on Saturday night. I could not help noticing the strong contrast it offered to the same lap noticing the same lap play at the French Theatre. Mr. Manstein's Poor to appreciation and appropriation were requisite to the easy insou ciance, the hard sparkle and steel-like polish of 'In a Cellar.'

The narration is precisely like Delphine.—icy, glittering, spirituelle, perfect.

Considering the relative positions of all the parties in the story, is there not something exquisitely, almost in the story, is there not something exquisitely, almost form the carries off the ladies in a body, jokes, laughs, 'Touch the Commons,' said Mr. Spenlow to David the Commons,' said Mr. Spenlow to David Touch the Commons,' said Mr. Spenlow to Davi Copperfield,-' touch the Commons and down comes

the country !" Well; there is left us one con Death finally teaches the lesson of individual insignificance. There is an amusing expression of this idea is William Hazlitt's Essay on 'The Fear or Death. William riskills a seasy on the real of scalars.

There is always one pany voluntarily and unnecessarily added to the fear of death by our affecting to compassionate the loss which others will have in us. If that were all, we might reasonably set our minds at

I must also, before closing, do justice to Mrs. Hoey, whom I have never seen appear to such advantage as she did in the rôle of Marguerite. Her lady-like, dignified, well-bred manner, told here with great effect. Mrs. Hoey represents the lady on the stage as the natural and elegant lady of real life; a character which she should play easily as it is the one assigned to her by fate. In fift there is none of that straining after effect, that vulgar showiness which is so often found in those less favored than she is. In the last scene her repentance of previous harshness and arrogance is very particular to the most part, speedily followed to the letter. We do not leave so great a void in society as we are inclined to imagine, partly to magnify our own importance, and partly to solace ourselves with suppathy. Even in the same family the gap is not so great; the wound closes up sooner than we should expect. Nay, our 'room is not infrequently thought much better than our company.' And so the poet Pope (by no means an that vulgar showiness which is so often found in those less favored than she is. In the last scene her repentance of previous harnhoess and arrogance is very pathetic and touching.

I must not omit to say, that she really knew how to dress her part in the simple and elegant manner so necessary for its effect; after all a knowledge of the tollet is a most important thing on the stage. Mrs. Hoey is a model in that respect, it's a pity she were not more imitated.

Specially to solace ourselves with sympathy.

Even in the same family the gap is not so great; the wound closes up sconer than we should expect. Nay, our 'room is not infrequently thought much better than our company.' And so the poet Pope (by no means an ordinary man) expresses, in a letter to his friend Stelle, a conviction that it were a shame to be concerned at the removal of 'such a trivial animal' as himself.' 'The morning after my exit,' he says, 'the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as weet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course.

The whole story, with its heavy shadows and thin lights, from Miss Yuler with her ochre eyes and pentivoleano nature, to Friday and her gaudy hues, impresses me as having been thrown off as a splendid foil to the exquisite richness and harmony of 'The Amber Gods.'

As for the coarse witticisms and little unaccountable ranges of the coarse witticisms and little unaccountable unaccountable ranges of the coarse witticisms and little unaccountable unaccountable of the produced by running a mil-boat against an unexpected mag—they are possibly the result of that very pooted mag—they are possibly the result of that very life, and color—which startles us so throughout. They have even,—dare I venture to say it?—a certain charm in their brusque, hoydenish fun, and undestidious freedom, which links them pleasantly, if roughly, with the everyday characters and unreshed and undestidious freedom, which links them pleasantly. If roughly, with the everyday characters and unreshed does the genuine heavy business of the play. Are a number of respectable and highly moral citizens going to join together to urge it to take a benefit? Are they going to state to it with rhetorical flog jubythat its labors in the service of the passandly, with the everyday characters and unreshed their day, these inelegancies shall—cease to Let it not be inferred, however, from remarks of this order, that either Hazlitt or Pope was wanting in self-

nise those elements in men of genius who, like these mentioned, have made authorship their profession, and won their laurels in its pursuit. Such men highly estimate, and not unjustly, their individual worth. Exaggerated self-esteem is a weakness; but, in these cases, if self-esteem be a weakness; but, in these cases, if self-esteem be a weakness; but, in these cases, if self-esteem be a weakness; but, in these cases, if self-esteem be a weakness; but, in these cases, if self-esteem be a weakness; but, in these cases, if self-esteem be a weakness; but, in these cases, if self-esteem be a weakness; but, in these cases, if self-esteem is a weakness above the rebulke of the world. For if men of genius suffers much in personal feelings, they gain much in character, and the world gains much in intellectuals from this same cause. Those who aim at the fraits, from this same cause. Those who aim at the season. The intellectual self-esteem is a weakness and the secret of his litterary success consists in the fact that, throughout all his vagabond-iah wanderings, he never forgot that he had been gifted with lofty ger ins, and qualified for a sacred mission. He honored his own greatness, and the world has honored it. The nature of the poet's vocation is such as irresistibly encourages this sentiment. He deals with the finest feelings, the purset instincts, the noblest faculties of the human soul. Men are his study, but they are no less his instruments. He plays with the finest feelings, the purset instincts, the noblest faculties of the human soul. Men are his study, but they are no less his instruments. He plays with the finest feelings, the purset instincts, the noblest faculties of the human soul. Men are his study, but they are no less his instruments. He plays with the finest feelings, the purset instincts, the noblest faculties of the human soul. Men are his study, but they are no less his instruments and their tears come at his bidding, and the heary-strings of their hearts thrill at his touch as at the touch of a genius. It may well be doubted whether such a pow-er can exist in any human soul without a correspond-ing knowledge of power; and certainly if there be-such a knowledge of power, there must be a relative sense of personal supremacy. Laugh at it; sneer at it; resist it as we may, it is in human nature; and it will not be subdued. What magical light made cheer-ful the gloom of Galileo's dungeon? What was it that sustained William Wordsworth through thirty years of neglect and derision? Well has it been written,—

"A man can bear A world's contempt, when he has that within Which says he's worthy. When he contemns himself There burns the hell?"

# Bramatic Feuilleton.

#### Revenge.

I see that the Courrier des Elats-Unis, after having made its humble apology to Personne for having, in its synorance of English, mistranslated a passage in one of his late Peullietons, immediately takes its little revenge by pitching sharply into me, in consequence of the printer having accidentally dropped a v, or a something,

It was the best thing the Gaul could do under the circumstances, so I forgive him, and accept his excuses in advance. Evangeline.

This week we lose the lovely Acadian girl at th Winter Garden. Perhaps we shall realize what the poet meant in saying that 'when she had passed, it eemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.'

On Saturday evening Miss Bateman will have a bend

fit, and make her last appearance this season. She will play Lady Teasle in 'The School For Scandal.'

play Lady Teasle in 'The School For Scandal.'

For many reasons I incline to think that Miss
Bateman's best success must be achieved in comedy.

In the opening scene of 'Evangeline' she has, as it
seems to me, manifested an arch and winning playfulmess of disposition, together with the vivacity and
mirthful tone which indicate the comédienne. Hence
I anticipate for her a decided Triumph in the part of

Anyway I hope the Winter Garden will be crown Anyway I nope the winter tracted will be crowned on Saturday evening with an audience of persons who appreciate the delicacy of encouraging a young, lovely, and talented actress, eminently worthy of success, and thus far successful against many and very powerful obstacles.

Musical.

Musical.

I am afraid I know so little about music as a science or what not, that it would be impossible for me to write an intelligible treatise even on the new musical 'pitch' which some of the old fogtes say one cannot

This may account for my love of sweet sounds, my adoration of Ficcoloraini and Patti, my general sanity, and my indisposition to quarrel with anybody.

The same cause may explain the uncommonly sane and peaceful condition of the Quakers, who, with now and then a heartful averation concernment as injuri-

and peacerul combined to the quakers, who, with and then a heretical exception, oppose music as injurious to the morals. This, however, doesn't prevent their singing in meeting, though I am not sure that that has anything to do with sweet sounds. The last time I was present at one of their meetings, I remember thinking that it hadn't.

After all, as the world goes, the Quakers may be right. They ought, at least, to be right in one matter,—and who knows but it is this?

ter,—and who knows but it is this?

Considering the quarrels that are constantly going on among the Bona and Daughters of Harmony, I shouldn't wonder if it were, though I should hope not.

For my own part, these little quarrels in the Harmonio world are very amusing. I wouldn't have Ullman, Strakosch, and Maratzek on good terms for

ween Bennett and Greeley.

In which case what a world of Manifeston we sho

If a Piccolomini, a Cortesi, a Patti, or a Fabbri, didn't

act all the impressarios by the cars, I should be quite uniscrable. The opers would lose half its piquancy, and its managers all their charm; for if there is a dis-mal man in the world, aside from his little difficulties, it is the opera-manager, though this doesn't prevent my looking up to him as, on the whole, a very awful and sublime personage — especially when I All which being interpreted, me

I shall go to both,—duly armed with lorgnette and spring vegetables (I cant go Brazilian wreaths made repring vegetables (I cans go Brasilian wreaths made up of birds of paradise, etc.,)—and shall try when the timecomes, to speak of Patti and Fabbri, Brignoli, and Ernani, Amodio and Gassier, to say nothing of the new 'tenore robusto,' in a manner to assonish the

Meanwhile, I am studying up 'Tillman's Treatise on Musical Sounds' and trying my hand on his 'To-nometer or Revolving Musical Scale,' which, as it shows 'the relative position of all the true and tempered notes in the major and minor modes in ever key now known,' is a very pretty thing to do.

now known, is a very pretty thing to do.

Especially as 'by its aid those who are not endowed with a keen sense for discriminating the tones in 'with a keen sense for discriminating the tones in 'music, can become master of the acience; while the 'more gifted can readily survey the whole subject, and 'bring within definite range the most diversified regions of melody and harmony.

I havn't quite made up, my mind whether to go in for Patit or Pabbri, but rather incline to think it will be Patit, because I once committed myself to her in a Sonnet, and because, having seen a photograph of Pabbri, I don't think she is quite up to my line of beauty. 'And, any what you will, beauty goes a good way in such matters with all of us. Witness Piccolomini, who, I am told by the critics (though I don't believe a word of it), knows nothing about music, but travels entirely on her good looks.

By no means a hard road to travel, in this case.

By no means a hard road to travel, in this case Seriously speaking—if a Feuilletonist may be permitted to be serious—I wonder if anybody intends to go to the Winter Garden or to the Academy of Music on Easter Monday, with a view to write a scientific

Still the murdering and dissecting must be de

order to advance the interests of science), and if the reader will only bear with me next week, perhaps I will see what I can do at it.

But I must first invest sixpence in Touckay's Times, and Tribuse, and Beruid,—where the thing will be done, if at all, con amore.

Meanwhile, I cannot too much rejoice that Lent is not all the season to the hilarities—musical among other—of the season.

Nir Edward Bulwer Lytton's Parliamentary poem of 'St. Stephen's,' now appearing by instalments in Blackwood's Magazine, is to be republished, in a separate form, by the Mesers. Blackwood.

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W. HECKEY, Secretary Scenate, U. S.

Covice Secure Ary or van U. S. Shears, March 16, 1800.

Ibar Sir: It affords me great pleasure to inform you that the committee to admit and control the comingent expanses of the Senate, have manifested their appreciation of Worcouser's Quarter Decisionary, by directing that the Senate Chamber, and all the committee and office rooms of the Senate be furnished with that work. I am highly graitfied at this additional sustainments of the moretas of a book, that in my judgment is decidedly the best work of the kind in the English language.

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OFFICE OF THE SCREENFESTERS OF OUNOFINES.

I have long been familiar with Woronster 2 Destinenty, and have been highly graitfed at the appearance of the new and beautiful edition of the valuable work. Its vest voncebulary, the still of its arrangement, accuracy of orthography, precision of definitions, particularly of technical and ceisuffic terms, its general completions, and its freedom from political or nectarian bins, render it, may estimation, the most perfect and estimate interiestive consistery of the English intiguage. It gives me pleasures to state that it is the standard authority for the public primiting.

WILLIAM R. JILLSON, U. S. Parmy Green, March 16, 1800.

The new Dictionary of Dr. Worcester combines, in my opinion, more of the requisities of a work of reference than any similar one very published. The fullment and accuracy of its inchical definitions make it of especial value in this office, and this, together with tions make it of especial value in this office, and this, together with closin make it of especially and its general studieston in dediction and in expressionally, and its general studieston in the complex of the co

Prom Louis Agnasis, L.L. D.

I have looked over your great edition of Worcester's Dictionary, chiefly with the view of accertaining how far it covers the ground in which I am particularly interested. It is of great importance, in our days, when the nonemchature of actence is gradually orespicated to the control of the c

From C. G. Pattern, Id.-D., President of Harvano Callage.

I have been in the constant habit of conscioling Dr. Worcester's great Dectionary, in my delity rending, and of subjecting it to special trial, as test words occurred to me. In orthography, promonstation, and desiration, the learned author has taken unreasted paint to assertion the above unuque, and in all these respects, he has, returned to the constant of the constan

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IC DESCRIPTARDY THE REPERTORS

Open company consists of more opens, in addition to which the my of the first time in America, Marchine LA JUIVE

#### WHEN I WAS YOUNG.

Or What the Old Woman said to her Daughter mer eve I chanced to pass near by the cottage

gate;
An aged woman in the sun sat talking to her mate.
The frost of age was on her brow, yet garrulous her ompared the doings now, with those when she ras young.

When I was young, young gals were meek and looked round kind of shy,
And when they were compelled to speak, they did so kind of modestly;
They staid at home and did the work, made Indian

the letters.

And young ones that can hardly speak, will contradict their betters.

when betters,
g women now go flirting round and looking out
for beaux,

for beaux.

And scarcely one in-ten is found to wash or mend her clothes.

But then! I tell my daughter
Folks don't do as they oughter.
They hadn't oughter do as they do.
Why don't they do as they'd oughter!

When I was young, if a man had failed, he shut up house and all. d out till night, if he ventured out sold all her china plates, and his son came

home from college.

And his gals left school and learned to wash and bake and such like knowledge.

to meeting. The man that was a bankrupt called, was kinder shun-

ned of men, arelly dared to show his head among his towns-folk then; ow-a-days when a merchant fails, they say he makes a penny,
His wife don't have a gown the less, and his daughters

just as many.

as do smoke their choice segars and drink their And she goes to the Opera, and he has folks to dine. He walks the street, he drives his gig, men show h A at what in my days were called debts, are now called

city; In my day it was his creditors, to whom we gave the

ty. But then, I tell my daughter Folks don't do as they oughter; They hadn't oughter do as they do, Why don't they do as they'd oughter! When I was young, crime was a crime, it had no other

bloodier were his hands the brighter was his n a murder had been done, could they the

murderer find,
They hung him as they would a crow, a terror to man kind. kind.

But now-a-days it seems to me, wherever blood is split,
The murdeer has sympathy proportioned to his guilt.
And when the law has proved a man to be a second
Colo.

Cain,
A dozen jurors will be found to bring him in insane:
And then petitions will be signed, and texts of Scri ture twisted; Until the man who proved to be as bloodthirsty a

Nero,
Will walk abroad like other men, only a greater hero
But there! I tell my daughter
Folks don't do as they'd oughter;
They hadn't ought to do as they do;
Why don't they do as they'd oughter'

For The New York Saturday Press.

### "SHE IS GOOD FOR NOTHING."

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

The burgomaster stood at the open window. had on a fine shirt with sleeve-ruffles, and a breastpi in the bosom-folds; and he was unusually smooth shaven his own work; but yet he had made on little gash, and stuck a bit of newspaper on it.

"Here, my little fellow," cried he.
The 'little fellow' was no other than the son of the poor washwoman; he was just passing the house, and respectfully raised his cap, the rim of which had been broken in the middle, and it had been thus fixed so as to be rolled up and stuck into the pocket. The boy stood there—in his poor, but clean and neatly-mended clothes, and with heavy wooden shoes on his feet—as reverentially as if he stood before the king himself.

"You are a good youngster," said the burgomaster; you are a polite boy. Your mother is beating the linen, down at the river: you must certainly be carry-ing to her that which you have in your pocket. It is a family habit of your mother. How much have got in terms.

where his mother stood in the water, at the wash-bench, and beat the heavy clothes with a bat. The water flowed strongly, for the mill sluice had been while I was coming out of church Erich met me, and drawn; the sheets floated with the stream, and came nigh carrying away the bench. The washwoman had suited one to another, in our condition and relations;

comes from under my finger nails, but I do it cheerfully, if I can only bring you up honorably, and honest-

gomaster was related to the wash voman, for Martha had heard all of it, and was angry because he spoke so to the child of his own mother, and of the few drops

she drank, especially because it happened on the very day when the burgomaster was togive a grand dinner with wine by the bottle. Fine and strong wine! A small matter when it concerned the thirst of many people. But they did not call that drinking! "They are good for something, but you are good

for nothing!"

"Ah! my child, did he speak so to you about me!

said the washwoman, and her lips trembled as al

spoke. "You have a mother who is good for nothing

Perhaps he is right; but he should not have said so from that bouse."

"You were at service there when the pa burgomaster were alive, and lived at the house; that was a good many years ago! Since that you have awallowed many a spoonful of salt, and you may well be thirsty!" and Martha laughed. "The burgomaster had and news at noon, to-day. He would have refused his guests, but it was too late, and the dinner was already prepared. I had it from the footman. A little while ago a letter came, that his younger brother but died in Comenhagen."

had died in Copenhagen."

Dead!" cried the washwoman, and she pale as death.
"Hey!" said Martha. "Do you take that so muc

to heart? But you knew him at the time you was at

man! The Lord has not-made many like him!" and the team rolled down her checks. "O, my God! everything dances around me; that is because I emptied the bottle, I could not bear it, I feel very unwell," and she leaned against the board.

"Great God! you are very sick," said the other woman. "Wait, perhaps it will pass off! no, you are really sick! I had better take you home." "But the clothes there! I will finish the wash.

Come, give me your arm! The boy can stay and watch; I will come back and wash the rest, that is

only a small matter."

The washwoman's feet tottered under her.

'I have stood too long in the cold water, I have had nothing to eat or drink since morning. I have a fever.

O. Lord Jesus help me, till I get home! My poor child!" and she wept. The boy wept too, and soon he was sitting all alone, along side of the wet clothes. The two women walked alowly, the washwoman, slipping and tottering along through the alley, around the corner, into the street, up to the house of the bur-gomaster, and right in front of it she fell down on the gomaster, and right in front of it she reit down on the pavement. People gathered around her, and lame Martha ran into the house for help. The burgomaster and his guests stepped to the window.
"That is the washwoman," said he; "she had drunk a little more than would slake her thirst. She

is good for nothing. Pity for the handsome boy she has. I would willingly do something for the youngster, but the mother is good for nothing."

The washwoman sgathered herself up again, and they led her to her poor dwelling, where she was put to bed. Good Martha prepared a cup of warm beer with butter and sugar; this medicine she thought wa the best; and then betook herself to the river, washe indeed badly, but meant well, -- properly speaking, she only pulled the wet clothes on land, and laid them in a basket.

a backet.

Towards evening she was sitting in the poor chamber beside the washwoman.

The burgomaster's cook had sent some roasted potatoes and a fine fat bit of pork for the sick woman, Martha and the boy did justice to them; the sick woman enjoyed the smell—she thought it was nourishing. The boy was put into the same bed where his mother lay; but he had a place crosswise at her feet, and covered himself with an old carpet darned together with blue and red stripes. with blue and red stripes.

The washwoman was a little better; the warm bee

had strengthend her, and the smell of the fine supper had done her good.

"Thank you, you good soul," said she to Martha.
I will tell you the whole story, as soon as the boy sleeps. I believe he does so already. How sweet and beautiful he looks, as he lies there with closed eyes! He knows nothing about his mother's history. Googrant that he may never learn it! I was at service grant that he may never learn it! I was at service with the counsellor, with the parents of the burgo-master; it so happened that the youngest of the sons, a student, came home. At that time I was a young, wild girl, but honest,—that I can declare in the face of God," said the washwoman. "The student was a gay and good creature; so dear and brave! Every drop of blood in him was good and right; a better man has never existed on earth. He was a son in the house, I only a servant; but we loved each other, in modesty only a servant; but we loved each other, in modes and honor! A kiss is no sin, when one loves rightly He told his mother. She was to him the dear Go here upon earth. And she was so wise, and full of love! He went on his travels, and stuck his gold ring on my finger; and when he was gone my mistro called me to her. Earnestly, and yet mildly she stoo before me, and talked as if it was God Himself wh was speaking to me. She made the position

him and me clear, in spirit and in truth.
"'Now he only has eyes to see how "Now be only has eyes to see how good you are; ing to her that which you have in your pocket. It is graughty habit of your mother. How much have got in it?"

"A half pint," said the boy frightened and in a half suppressed voice.
"And to-day she had just as much," continued the man.

"No, it was yesterday," answered the boy.
"Two halves make a whole! She is good for nothing. It is a said thing with that sort of people. Tell your mother, she ought to be ashamed of herself! and if you have never been a drunkard you will become

one. Poor child! Go along!"

And the boy went further. He held his cap in his hand, and the wind played in his yellow hair that stood out in long curls. He turned round the corner of the street into a small alley which led to the river, which followed. God knows what I suffered, and how I strove. The next Sunday I went to the table of the Lord, and was easier in mind. As fate would have it "I would soon have sailed away," said she; "it is wards me?" 'Yes,' said he, 'eternally and forever. I little. It is cold here in the water. Six hours have I been here. Have you got anything for me?"

The boy-pulled out the bottle, and his mother put it to her mouth and took a swallow. he was even in easy circumstances. I stepped up to The boy pulled out the bottle, and his mother put it to her mouth and took a swallow.

"Ah, how much good that does! How it warms one! It is as good as warm food and not so dear! Drink, my young one! You look so pale, you are cold in your thin clothes! And it is Autumn. Whoo! how cold the water is! If I only do not get sick, but I wont. Give me one more swallow, and you drink too, but only a little drop, you ought not to get used to it, my poor, good child."

She went around the bridge, on which the boy stood, and skeped on the land: the water streamed from the straw mat bound round her body, and from her frock.

"I work and torment myself till the blood almost oass from under my finger nalls, but I do it cheerfully, if I can only bring you up honorably, and honest-

tha. "I shall never forget how good you and you husband were."

At this moment a somewhat older woman stepped up, a poor looking thing, lame of one leg, and with us! We had no children then. The student I over saw! Yet I did see him, but he did not see eye; the eye should have been covered by the lock, but it only made the fault more apparent. She was a friend of the washwoman, the neighbors called her lame Martha, with the lock.

"You poor thing, how you work, and stand in the icy water! It is really necessary for you to warm yourself a little, and yet the wicked young man makes an ado about the few drops yon drink!"

In a short time the whole conversation of the burgomaster was related to the washwomian, for Martha had heard all of it, and was angry because he spoke so them.

They possessed five hundred thalers and b

there was a house in the street to be bought for two hundred, and it would repay them to pull it down and build a new one, it was bought. The mason and carpenter made their estimates, and the new building was to cost ten hundred and twenty. Erich had credit; the money was borrowed in the capital city; but the capital nwho was to bring it, was abjewrecked and the money with him.

About this time, I brought my dear, sweet boy, who sleeps there, into the world. My husband fell into a serious, tedious sickness; for three-quarters of a year I had to dress and undress him. We got more and more in arrear, we contracted debta, all that we had was spent, and he died. I have labored, striven, and excreted myself for the sake of the child. I have acrubbed staircases, washed clothes, coarse and fine, but I could staircases, washed clothes, coarse and fine, but I could not better myself, such is God's will! But He will take me to Himself, and He will not even abandon the

And she slept. Towards morning she felt street And she slept. Towards morning she felt strength-ened, and strong enough, she thought, to be able to go to work. She had just stepped anew into the cold water, when she was overcome with trembling and faintness; she snatched convulsively at the air, took one step, and fell prostrate. Her head lay upon dry land, but her feet in the water, the wooden shoes she wore (in each was a wisp of straw) were carried away by the stream; so Martha found her, as she went to carry her coffee.

carry her coffee.

In the meantime a message from the burgomaster had been sent to her house, for her to come to him soon, as he had some things to tell her. It was too late! A barber was brought to open a vein; the washwoman was dead.

"She has drunk herself to death!" said the burgo-

death contained an extract from his will, whereby he bequeathed 600 thalers to the glove-maker's widow, who once was at service with his parents. The money was directed to be applied in large or small amount

"There has been a mish-mash between her and my brother," said the burgormaster. "It is well she is gone; now the boy gets the whole, and I will bring him among honest people; he will make a skilful mechanic," and in these words the dear God laid his

And the burgomaster made the boy come to him. And the burgomaster made too took come to man, and promised to look after his welfare, and added, be-aides, "How good it is your mother died; she was ood for nothing!"

They bore her to the burial-place, to the bu

of the poor. Martha strewed sand upon the grave and planted a rosebush upon it. The boy stood beside

maid, and looked up to heaven. "I have known it these many years, and I knew it the last night of her life. I tell you she was good for something, and God in heaven tells it too; let the world alone say she is ood for nothing !"

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"15, "10" "15, "28"

"16, "16" Oct. 1, "32"

I give you permission to make such use of this statem you may think proper. I am, with respect, yours truly,
PAUL MORPHY.

Ms. R. E. Robens, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

Dran Sin:—It gives me great pleasure to comply with your request for a report of the performance of the American watch I purchased of you Dec. 2d, 1838. It was set on that day, and its variation from true time to the 19th of February, 1859, when I let it run down, was ten seconds fast. From that time to the present, it has run with nearly perfect steadiness, having, during the eight months, remained at from seven to nine seconds fast, and this with uncommonly rough usage. I can commend your manufacture in the highest terms. Yours truly,

James H. Clapp.

terms. Yours truly,
JANES H. CLAPP,
Firm of Clapp, Fuller & Brown, Bankers, Boston

The following is from Mr. Porter, the well-known Mar-Chronometer and Watchmaker:
Bostron, Sept. 28th, 1859.
Mr. R. E. Robbins, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

am happy to say that all of them, without exception, hav-fulfilled my guaranty, and have given satisfaction to the pu-

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 27th, 1859.

R. E. Robbins, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

Dran Sin:—I have, at the suggestion of a number of persons, made a thorough examination of the plan of construction adopted by your Company in the manufacture of watches, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it to be simple scientific, and eminently practical. It would be very remarkable if any single watch made on this plan should fail to be an accurately performing time-keeper. I would about a soon expect to see the sun make a bank, as to see one of your American Watches do so. Very respectfully.

NORMAN WIARD,

Mechanical Engineer and practical Machinist.

Boston, August 20th, 1859. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.

DEAR SIR :—The "Waitham," which I purchased some six months since, has given entire satisfaction. Its time has seen fully equal to that of a "Frodsham," which I owned ore than a year. Truly yours,
ALBERT METCALF, 65 Franklin street.

Book Room, 200 Mulberry street, | NEW YORE, Oct. 5th, 1859.

NEW YORK, Oct. 5th, 1859. 

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DRAN SIR:—I take great pleasure in being able to certify that for the last six months I have carried a watch from the manufactory of the American Watch Company, and that it has given perfect satisfaction as a time-keeper. Judging from the one I have, I do not hesitate to predict that the day is not far distant when watches made in the United States will so prepared all others.

R. E. Robrins, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;
DEAR Sir.:—I take pleasure in stating that the America
Watch I have of your manufacture, performs to my entimatisfaction, running regularly at the rate of thirty second
fast per month.

Capt. Gornam H. Barbett.

DEAR Six:—The watch I bought of you—one of your ad-justed Chro. Bal. movements—runs to my entire satisfaction. For the past three months if has not varied more than one minute, and is now running at that rate. It has seen the niante, and is now running as an additional ardest service in every way in point of locomotion.

C. C. Sezape.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Sept. 27th.

R. E. ROSEDIS, Esq.;

DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 23d was duly received. In reply I would say, that the American watch No. 6639, has proved itself one of the best-watches for railway purposes.

The American watch, in my opision, is far better than any watch I have used for the last fourteen years on railroads.

I remain, respectfully yours. G. A. PCLLER, I remain, respectfully yours,

Conductor N. H., H. & S. R. R.
P. S.—I would refer you to Mr. Douglam, of N. Y. & N.
H. R. R. He has had several of your watches, and is very

R. B. ROBERS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;
DEAR SIZ:—The American Watch that I purchased of you about a year since, runs with great exactness; its variations being so slight that I have not found it necessary to set it for several months. Yours truly,

WILLIAM B. SPEAR.

R. E. Rossive, Treas. Am. Watch Co., Wattham, Mass.;
Dans Sin:—The American Watch, No. 5976, I have or
ried during the past eighteen months, has fully sustained in
high anticipations in regard to its performance—as has
those worn by several of my friends during the same pario
I can heartily recommend these watches as possessing, in a
minent degree, the qualities of excellent time-keepers. NEW YORK, Oct. 4th, 1859.

Do Bow's Review, in speaking of the American Watches says: "These watches are equal to any other manufacture in this country or in Europe. The fact is established by the accurate performance of their time-keepers, which is consid accurate performance of their time-keepers, which is considered almost unparalleled, equalling the best marine chronous stars. More than 17,000 American Watches are now in use, and the manufactureries affects that they

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INSURANCE.

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COMMONWEALTH Fire Insurance Company, Office, No. 6 Wall Street, New York, CASH CAPITAL OF \$250,000,

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Hobert T. Wilde, 
William E. Collis, 
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Charles H. Maryhall, 
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THE BROOKLYN Fire Insurance Company. CHARTERED 1894. OFFICE

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R. O. GLOVER, Secretary.

liberal terms. Ww. CALLENDER, President.

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y, having a Cash Capital exceeded by those or organies, continues to insure all kinds of Pe ings, Ships in port and their cargoss, on te-istent with the security of the insurers and DIRECTORS.

JAMES LORINER GRAHAM, 1

EDWARD A. STANSBURY, Secretary

The Resolute Fire Insurance Co., No. 3 Nassau street, N. Y.

CASH CAPITAL ..... \$200,000 WITH A LARGE SURPLUS.

Pirst Dividend to the Assured, JULY 1st, 1860.

This Company, at the solicitation of its numerous Patrons, and accordance with the vote of its Directors, and with the assent its Stockholders, will hereafter Divide three-quarters of the net Profits to the Assured.

These doing fusiness with this Company will receive, annually, slarge return of their Premiums.

It is a superficient to the desiretion from the Premium at the time of saving which is each desiretion from the Premium at the time of saving the principal control of the premium and the premium and the properties with taken at famelier rate. C. F. UHLHORN, President

JULY, 1889.

Continental Insurance Co., CITY OF NEW YORK. OFFICE NO. 18 WALL STREET. CASH CAPITAL, - - \$500,000

First Annual Derison to Policy Holders, declared July 9, '87, 25's Second " July 8, '18, 16' Therd " " July 14, '89, 50

ing the position of the Company
new system was adopted;
July, 1856, Net Assets possessed by the Co., 649,719 54
1858, 751,908 52
1859, Grom Assets, 995,681 84
16,514 37

POURTH:—This Company has reserved the right to hope Policies which do not participate in the profits, and such policies will be issued to those who prefer it, at prices as LOW as any COMPANY can insure, and, at the same time, present PREMANENT SECURITY to their customers.

MILLE ADELINA PATTI Degant Perfume, exhaling the most delightful and exquisite calors. ecuating as the beautiful photographic likeness which

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H. Is as well known course I.A. PREPLIA, PRESILE, SAIT

ENGLY BARRENS over bost charring comprehens FLDS, cally

CHARLES FOR SOME SETTLE supers have been been fore

CHARLES FOR FORDER SETTLE supers have from

Thanks, upper lips, or any part of the body, salely and quickly, nor

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for finaled, red, and bounded those I.B. DTE, instantly convert
for finale RESTORATE of the bown, without staining the

cut, pre
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any have self, plowy, and other. Present as from; the con
crathlesized deposit. No. 67 WAREN Present, first store from Bread
way. Said by Hers. Status, Strondbyn, and Braggietz generally.

ROBERT C. RATHBONE, Am't Sec

WILLIAM M. RANDELL, Secretary.
D. LORD & H. DAY, Counsellors. HIRAM FUNK, Surveyor New Furk, July 1st, 1892.

The Insured Participate in the Profits,

The attention of the community is respectfully called to the following features, in connection with this Company: PIRST:—By insuring in this Company, the advantages of a Mutual Insurance Company are obtained, with the additional advantage afforded in the security given by an ample and reliable Cash Capital—a feature not presented by ordinary Mutual Fire Insurance Companies. The dividends to customers, already declared, are as follows:

Pr. of

Therd
SECOND:—The security given, which is already large, will
constantly increase with each year of successful operation.
This is exhibited clearly in the following Statement, show
ing the position of the Company in each year since the

GEORGE T. HOPE, President
H. H. LAMPORT, CYRUS PECK,
Secretary. Am't Secretary

Barney's Opera Perfume,

downs each bottle. More than 3,000 bottles were sold in a few days, while this la more far than 3,000 bottles were sold in a few days, while this la rovide artist was in Basion.

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